SISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

Sisters' Christian Endeavor.

Roann, Ind., March 27, 1889. Sister Stirling: It has been a long time since there has been anything said about our Society. It seems that there might be more said about the Sisters' Endeavor Society. We are still working away at Roann. It seems as though our society is still alive and flourishing. We have twenty-two active members and five honorary members. We put our trust in the Lord, and feel that our work will be the means of saving many perishing souls. We are more able for the work now. Oh, may the Lord bless every Sisters' Endeavor! We do feel encouraged. Every time we meet it strengthens us for harder tasks. God knows what we do and what we need. Let us be earnest with our Christian work. We are thinking of having a sewing circle. Our church here is having quite a good interest under the care of Bro. W. C. Perry who is an earnest worker. He has many warm friends here and has not been preaching here but a short time. I will bring my writing to a close by asking the faithful prayers of the Endeavor Society. To all the sisters.

LIZZIE YOCUM.

The above letter, full of encouragement, is good for all our readers. We are glad when local presidents persevere with their work. We rejoice exceeding more when they are so enthusiastic as to want others do likewise, and take means of helping them. It proves conviction and determination.

Well, I, too, have something to say, but today I do not feel able to tell you as I like, yet I must. Over exertion gives me pain, and I already suffer from having done too much.

Through these long winter months our sisters have had their own way, just as they should have—no. God's way, lest there be imperfections in the creature's will. Not many have told me of their hopes and fears, but Jesus is a better friend; I trust they have gone to him for sympathy.

But I want you to know what has been on my mind during this time. You know the general work must be looked after as will as the local. So while I was confined to the house with pneumonia, many thoughts were given to this purpose of our Society. My intentions were to devise some plan for evangelization, and just as it was about ready, Miss Laura E. N. Grossnickle of Mapleville, Md., a noble woman whom I love and trust, wrote me that we ought to have a home for orphans. I thought if sister Grossnickle wanted an Orphan's Home, she should work for it, just as we all must do when we are anxious to have something done, so I wrote her to that effect and found out she is willing to do more than I had dared hope she would undertake, therefore I turned over to her a plan for raising money. The S. S. C. E. will hold all receipts and loan them at interest to Ashland University for the education of orphan's. She began the work yesterday and that is the reason why I must tell you today. Of course you are anxious to know how this is to be accomplished, and I will write again soon, explaining to your satisfaction. We want an Endowment Fund of $50,000, and we want it quick. Promptness, with a few pennies and much encouragement on your part is all that is needed.

M. M. STERLING.

April 2, 1889.

Orphans' Endowment Fund.

Dear Readers, I promised to tell you more about the S. S. C. E. method of raising money for an Orphans' Endowment Fund. You know the *necessity* for such an enterprise without appeal to either mind or heart; and for me to say we *should have* an Orpans' Home means little, or to say that we *shall* have one means little more; but to go right to work with energy, thought and prayer, regardless of every interest, except the determination to succeed in the proper way of success, means everything for its accomplishment, bringing to our immediate assistance all the unselfish, intellectual ability of the Church and Society with which this movement originates, soon to spread its fires along the by-paths until every tree or bush has caught the flames and vast forests become one glow of brilliant light. *Right to work* is our motto and *the plan* we have *already* begun for Ashland University, or the moral, intellectual and spiritual development of parentless boys and girls, sometimes filling our streets with vice and misery, because untaught the ways of truth and purity, thus enlarging jails and penitentiaries to receive the repulsive criminals manufactured out of these poor, neglected, unloved children.

The S. S. C. E. method of raising this Endowment Fund, now in perfect operation, is a simple one, sure to reach you; and should *you* at no time be called upon to divide a few printed letters between two of your associates and contribute a dime to the Orphans' Home, it may be because you have never shown yourself benevolent; have no fear, some one's love and fond regards will get you in a circle by and by.

These Circles are each composed of fifteen ladies and gentlemen. No person can enter any of them without an invitation from some acquaintance sending printed directions signed by the Pres. of the S. S. C. E; havinggiven 10cts. he then becomes a member of that Circle, inviting two of his friends in with him.

There is imbedded in each completed circle the germs of sixteen new ones, and that is the reason greater efforts should be made to get all circles full. Instructions being brief, and easily understood by careful reading, there remains no lawful excuse why these circles shall not rapidly increase, bringing in the money for our Home.

M. M. STERLING.

Apr. 6, '89.

OUR DEAD.

EVANS—Guy Evans, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Evans was born Feb. 5, 1889, departed this life April 3, 1889, aged 1 month and 28 days. Thus another bud, just ready to expand, flower-life, in the spring time of life, has been plucked, but only to be transplanted into the heavenly fields, there to blossom into an unfading flower. Services held in the Lutheran church. Conducted by the writer

J. ALLEN MILLER.

GARDNER—Bertie Gardner was born Oct. 26. 1875, died Jan. 13, 1889, aged 13 years, 2 months and 20 days.

GARDNER—Harvey Gardner was born Aug. 5, 1879, died Jan. 12, 1889, aged 9 years, 5 months and 7 days. Funeral services were held in the Indian Creek Chapel, March 30th. A sad bereavement. Two from the same family so close together. May God bless them who are bereaved.

J. H. PALMER.

James Payn's Advice to Young Writers.

The placing the scene of a story in a foreign land is always disadvantageous. It may be mere ignorance which causes untraveled readers to prefer stories of their own land; but such is the fact. They feel the same want of reality in stories of foreign countries as in a fairy tale. All editors know this, and look askance at such productions. This is still more true of the historical story. Mr. Blackmore, it is true, has delighted us all with his 'Lorna Doone,' and Mr. Besant with his 'Chaplain of the Fleet;' but the gentleman whose desire is to appear in print is not likely to be either a Blackmore or a Basant at starting. At one time, thanks to Walter Scott, there was a rage for stories of the middle ages; but that has utterly died out. Even genius such as dwelt in George Eliott was unable to contend against the two drawbacks of a distant scene and a distant age, as in 'Romola,' which, notwithstanding its great merits, never obtained the popularity of her home novels.

Unless he has really nothing else to write about, let the man who has a passion to appear in print avoid 'recollections of travel.' All the world travels nowadays, and a writer of exceptional talent is required to invest the subject with interest. To describe in detail what a bad breakfast you got at some place in Asia Minor, or how you had to wait for dinner among the Crim Tartars, is very little more interesting than the same incident in New York or London. If the writer has had an exceptional experience,—was driven, for example, to eat a Crim Tartar,—this observation of course does not apply; but your ordinary traveler, though he often bores you to death, is rarely a cannibal.—The Forum.

Oil Yourself a Little

Once upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants, and every thing he wanted, and yet he was not happy, and when things did not go as he wished, he was very cross. At last his servants all left him. Quite out of temper he went to a neighbor with the story of his distress. 'It seems to me' said the neighbor, sagaciously, "twould be well for you to oil yourself a little. 'To oil myself?' 'Yes, and I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out of it. One day I oiled its hinges and it has been constantly used by everybody ever since.' 'Then you tnink that I am like a creaking door?' cried the old gentleman. 'How do you want me to oil myself? 'That's an easy matter' said the neighbor. 'Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right praise him. If on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and your words with the oil of love.'

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly words were ever heard in his house afterward. Everybody should have a supply of this precious oil, for every family is liable to have a creaking hinge in shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.—Selected.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years Doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheny & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucus surface of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENY & CO., Toledo, O.

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Resorts.

Puck says: "The white man who drives a coal cart has to resort to soap and water, just as does a negro who has spent the day in whitewashing."

But the most strange things of all are usually resorted to when a man gets sick.

Of course he doesn't want a doctor—at least not at first. He usually goes to the so-called saloon and gets a drink, which makes him feel rather dazed, so he takes another, and comes home temporarily elated, supposing himself cured.

When he wakes next morning, with a headache twice as bad as ever, and feeling feverish and cross, he concludes he will have to try something else.

He takes a dose of whatever he happens to have in the house—some liver renovator, kidney evaporator, or heart enlarger—and sets forth saying if he isn't better tomorrow he will send for the doctor.

Next morning he is sick in bed; the doctor is called, shakes his head, prescribes two or three kinds of medicine, according to his medical creed, but always insists upon perfect quiet, and that the patient must not go to his office for two weeks, or the result will be serious.

He does, in truth, lie in bed for a week or ten days, his recovery retarded by a multitude of remedies, and the knowledge that his business is going to ruin in his absence. When he does drag out at last, he finds that the family must deny themselves everything but the common necessities of life for some time to come, in order that the doctor's bill may be paid, and repairs made in the business.

Now, the proper thing for this man to have done was to have bought a bottle of New Style, Pleasant Taste Vinegar Bitters, the moment he felt the first headache, and to have taken two tablespoonfuls at once. Two or three half-doses, two days apart, after the first dose had taken effect, would have cured him and prevented his illness, and his consequent financial loss.

The man did not know this, or, as Beecher would have said, his foresight was not so good as his hindsight. Another time this man will know just what to do to save pain, time and money.

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